

nd G.B.M.  
nance  
CONNECTION WITH THE  
ARY LEAGUE.  
RACE  
BEFORE  
MEAT.

OR J. READ.

king lively in this re-  
ader, would you  
re? Here you are,  
digest. I am in a  
the amounts collect-  
for the three months  
'95, in the different  
stand thus:—

Province, Captain  
ovince, Captain Pugh,  
ovince, Captain Bal-  
Province, Adjutant  
ario Province, Cap-  
.

elieve my own eyes?  
ue. Scobell has actu-  
the palm. Now Cap-  
is rather peculiar.  
ing! What will Mrs.  
ought it best not to  
above. Well, Scobell  
God bless and speed  
ucked a good record

nd place is not a bad  
Surely Captain Pugh,  
Mrs. Pugh, will go  
and quiet and best  
n. Adjutant Major  
Captain Bailey, while  
doubtless stand well  
quarter.  
95 for three months  
shed at. Hurrah!

8 8 8  
ton takes the over-  
to city, and he will  
up. Citizens of the  
in to meet Lazarus  
In the future. The  
rites: "I am more  
that there is any  
y in the G. B. M.  
rly worked." So many  
are anxious to appoint  
le agents. Members  
one could do a lot to  
e P. A.'s and L. A.'s  
ladies?—This is the  
A.'s to make their  
oming winter. Each  
lock-out for churches  
bit their lantern pic-  
ne they will have,  
lides, a regular treat  
ugh!

ay has renewed her  
ption.—Welcome Mrs.  
mber, and welcome  
s, of Blenheim, into  
league.—Captain Scob-  
of times. Over 500  
his open-air meet-  
Thomas, when the  
e D. O.'s to take hold  
meetings, things will  
in securing quite a  
Lazarus.—We hope  
a P.A. for the Pacific  
Auxiliaries of Dakotas,  
art of Washington  
on and transferred  
roll.—Soon the next,  
be ready. Then for

AZARUS!

ENT, Manitoulin Is-  
lace, stubborn resolu-  
to all our pleadings  
God is helping us.  
a got to understand  
the tide will turn  
our outpost, we have  
at church filled. One  
Friday night will  
older. We are hot  
and in for the salvo-  
ord, wake up the dead  
and save the sinners.  
Capt. H. C. Banks.

AUG. 31st to  
SEPT. 3rd HARVEST

AUG. 31st to  
SEPT. 3rd FESTIVAL

# WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. XL. No. 45. [General of the S.A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, AUG. 10, 1895. [Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland] PRICE 5 CENTS.



A BOY MATRICIDE.—The Effects of Reading Evil Books.

"The mind of the boy seems to have been upset by reading novels, which made heroes of cut-throats, robbers, and the like."—*Vicks Daily Press*.

# THE CLARIION BLAST OF VICTORY SOUNDS • • LOUD AND CLEAR. • •

Read Here for News of the Week's Advance Throughout the Territory.

LIPPINGCOTT.—Friday, two forward. Sunday, two more. (Good day). Prospects very encouraging.—Byers & Sheard.

LISTOWEL.—Ensign Dowell and troupe with us. People listen spell-bound. Barracks packed, standing at doors and windows.

BRACEBRIDGE.—Major Howell and Mrs. Adjutant Turner paid us a visit two nights. Ensign away to Sudbury.

NEEPAWA.—Thrashing the devil with many stripes at a three days' camp. Major Bennett and Ensign Goodwin visit. Glorious! A sister leaves for the field.

NANAIMO.—Visit from Major Friend. Much gave us much cheer. Ensign Edgecombe with him. Warm welcome again, Major.

INGERSOLL.—Deep, heart-searching. Open-air crowd much interested, much impressed, and good at the drum-head collection.

PETERBORO.—Adj't Magee here. A weary sinner cried to God in the weary. Ensign and Mrs. Fraser arrived. Two souls.

OWEN SOUND.—Warton, a number of souls saved during last month. Five on the 12th. A few souls at Owen Sound. We are launching the budget scheme here.

MONTREAL II.—Young man out for salvation pulled out one plug of tobacco, then another, then got free. Major Morris here. Lots of live sayings. Secretary's baby dedicated. Captain farewelled, and three little girls came out. Ice-cream social, with brass band.

GLENWOOD.—Property paid for and deed given. Grand reconciliation. Secretary Willis and Mrs. Clark see six souls.

RAPID CITY.—A stranger and backslid left the meeting, but was forced to return. Soldiers saluted him but ran out, saying the Spirit had left him. Five souls saved.

CARHONNEAR.—Hot weather. Summer devil busy. Ensign Wrighton leading. One sister saved, returned to her seat, and fetched out her chum. Then they pitched into another. Three added to the ledger. Two souls at outpost, MOSQUITO.

BURN.—Soldiers on fire, two brothers at the cross. Another hauled out dirty old pipe that had kept him from the blessing. Sunday a backsliders' meeting. One soul.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Hearts saddened through officers' farewell. Heaven's richest blessing on them and their little lamb.

CLARKE'S HARBOUR.—Many come who conquer, banner of the cross flying out, devils flying in.

PETROFF.—After Ensign string band to the front. Three children dedicated and three recruits enrolled. \$9.35 collection on the drum in the open-air.

BOLTON.—Bless the boys of the Town Brizido, say people after their brief visit. Souls in the fountain.

GRAND FORKS.—One man must have been in a great hurry to quit the meeting, as he left his hat behind. Brother E. says the devil knows his number.

SUSSEX.—Officers affectionately farewelled.

MONTREAL I.—Staff-Captain McMillan referred to Major Jewer's promotion on Sunday night. Two souls.

HANT'S HARBOUR.—Capt. Clarke in charge. Beautiful crowds. One soul. "Crys" all sold.

SCILLY COVE.—Praise-the-Lord times, many convicted.

GAIT.—Lassies' brass band, lively meetings, one soul. Band boys virtuous.

EDMONTON.—Lieut. farewells for Winnipeg. Indian missionaries and Christian traders with us, telling of one comrade saved in snow knee-deep, and 45 below zero.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—Thirty-six souls saved round this district this month. Capt. Clark goes to Fredericton. Capt. McLean has to lead on at No. II. Some seeking salvation at No. III. Capt. Gamble takes Fredericton, and Capt. Johnston, Chatham. Soul at Charlottetown. Fairville has been without officers, now Lieut. Sparks cheers the comrades' hearts.

PETERBORO.—Two backsliders returned. One brother for a clean heart.

PERTH.—Bandman Coggan to help. Small band organized.

OWEN SOUND DISTRICT.—Number of souls saved at Warton. Five on the 12th. Capt. Creamer at the reins.

HALIFAX.—United local officers' meeting. Three hours at the cross at Dartmouth. Heaven and glory. A number volunteered for a clean heart. Groaning and agonizing. Half night of prayer at No. II. Picnics, excursions, camp-meetings, special meetings, etc., etc.

MONTRAL.—A very interesting discourse on what he saw of the F.A. all round the world. On Dominion day we were joined by six blood and fire Indians from up the coast, who had the real spirit. Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald Dominion day. Bands from Nanaimo and New Westminster.

ST. JOHN.—Nine months at Grand Manan, then orders for St. John V. Hearty welcome. On Acadie street open-air a man knelt for salvation at the drum-head. War Cry sold out.

G. and E.

OAKVILLE.—Major Collier and Ensign Ritchie in charge. Bowing marches and open-air. Memorial service of Major Jewer in the town hall. Impressive and stirring. It sank deeply in the hearts of the people. God bless the social work.—Capt. Pinnell.

BELLEVILLE.—Adjutant and Mrs. Southall with us. We enjoyed their visit very much. God helped them to deal straight truth to glory of God. —Lieut. Spriggs.

CARIBOO.—All much blessed. One backslider received home. Three for a clean heart.—Capt. Wilkins.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—Three souls for salvation. Hard fight. Backsliders at hotness meeting. At night five souls, four backsliders. One went to the quarters after meeting, when the Captain prayed with him till he went home rejoicing. Much con-

couraged by a few words from the Commandant on his way through with O.S.C. party. We feel the better for the camp.—Sergt. T. W. T.

VANCOUVER.—New Provincial visited here and was right at home. Pleasant and profitable time. He intends to visit once every two months. The B.C. officers' council was held here, so we believe for a great gathering in the future. Major Friedrich continually among the people will keep the chariot going. On Sunday three at the cross, on Monday seven, on Wednesday our recommended themselves.

BRANTFORD.—Rousing times on market square. During the rain. We sat in the Police Court. Uncle Jamie shouting happy. Inside barracks an enrollment. Soldiers free. Many spoke of the blessing Captain and Mrs. Richardson had been to them before they said good-bye, after nine months' faithful toll. Some of the souls saved stand still as true as gold, and they have cleared away a great black sheet of debt.—F. B. Bell, S.C.

LISGAR STREET.—Farewell of Capt. Staiger and Lieut. Barker, one to Montreal, and the latter to wear the red braid at Whistler. Farewell supper provided. Smiling waitresses busy. Spiritual, profitable meeting. Old and young testify.—Ensign Ritchie.

VANCOUVER.—I notice there is no change on the new War Cry heading yet. I expected to see the heavier looking towards the eagle, instead of looking away. To one that believes I do, that they will yet come closer together, I would like to see them looking towards each other.

One of the officers of H. M. S. Royal Albert, a very interesting discourse on what he saw of the F.A.

All round the world. On Dominion day we were joined by six blood and fire Indians from up the coast, who had the real spirit. Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald Dominion day. Bands from Nanaimo and New Westminster.

J. Bell.

VICTORIA, B.C.—Fifth new items: Victoria corps is going ahead as fast as the hot weather and hard times will permit. Adj't and Mrs. Archibald have returned from their furlough. Major Friedrich had a monster reception arranged for him. There is talk of opening another corps in Victoria, B.C. The Shiloh is progressing as favorably as can be expected this time of the year. From May 7 to June 12, 456 men passed through; 363 of the number worked to pay for the board; 279 beds have been kept, and 1041 meals served. Ensign Patterson has won the respect and love of all the men.

RAPID CITY.—The wet and mucky weather has a great tendency to stop the wheels, but in the strength of King Jesus we shall pull through.—Lieut. James Mercer.

TILT COVE.—Captain Hampton in charge. Open-air fighting all the rage. We have had some wonderful meetings.

MOOSOMIN.—Beautiful times here. The other night while holding an open-air in front of the Queen's hotel, a man came up to the Captain and said: "I like you people. I love the Army. I believe you are doing a good work wherever you are, but why do you come around here and abuse us? Why don't you go and preach outside the city hall?"

Captain.—"There is not a city hall in this place."

Gentlemen.—"Well, why not go and preach outside the court-house?"

Captain.—"There isn't any crowd there to preach to."

Gent.—"Why do you not go and preach outside some other place? These are all your friends here."

Captain.—"That's why we come here, we know where our friends are."

Gent.—"Why don't you go and preach outside the Mayor's house?"

Captain.—"We ARE outside the Mayor's house."

The Mayor owned the bold and was sitting in chair outside. Of course, this caused laughter among the crowd, and the gentleman gave his name, and he took off his hat and pulled out a roll of dollars. He gave the Captain one, and then the Captain took up a collection, and we got \$150. Then we all testified and telling the people he was saved from sin, a dude spoke up: "How do you know yet saved?"

Captain.—"I know in whom I have believed."

Gent.—"How do you know I'm not saved?"

Captain.—"I never said you were not saved."

Dude sits up, crowd laughs at him, but by their fruits ye shall know them.

Then the other gentleman comes up again to the Captain and said: "You make me feel uneasy when you talk so much about hell; preach more about heaven."

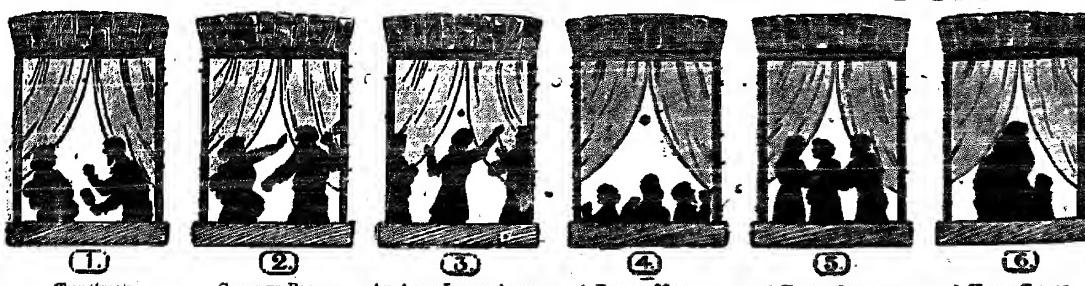
Captain.—"Thank God, that's what we want to do, to make you feel uneasy, and you will go to hell if you are not saved."

Gentleman.—"Sing us 'God Save the Queen' only in a hymn."

Captain sang "God bless our Army brave," and broke down, but, thank God, we don't mind breaking down in the Army. We all had a good time and there was a fine feeling among the people.—Cadet Clarke.

MISSOURI.—We are still fighting the devil in Missouri. One out to the post office Friday night, and three backsliders later. They all found salvation and went home rejoicing in aaviour's love.—J. H. Frost, Color Sergt.

## SHADOWS ON THE WINDOW.



THE START.

COMES TO BLOW.

AN ARMY LASSIE APPEARS.

A PRAYER MEETING.

A THANK OFFERING.

A HAPPY COUPLE.

WHO  
KILLED  
JESUS

The Commandant  
— BY —  
They themselves  
not the Judges  
but they should be  
done to death.

Consider the  
which these were  
the Working Men  
of publicans and  
tax collectors who  
had raised whose presence  
from many a  
He-sorrow from  
the Oppression  
and Exploitation  
—the Jesus for  
asserting Human  
values of world  
hatred could  
betrayed knew  
thirsty ruffians  
He is to the  
Gentiles' sons  
Scribes and Pharisees  
lightly out  
by their  
miserable, who  
of their  
fragrant outside  
as a citizen  
to Hitler's  
about of  
Surely if even  
is one!

Now, these are  
at unlearned  
and leaders  
gigantesque.  
They with the  
rites of  
Mosaic dispensation  
the law of  
the land,  
grasped the law  
and tell it to us  
on a fairer scale  
to eat with us  
more the nation  
and rest true  
had brought  
upon their forces  
their day  
so many Christians  
to the foot  
it had departed  
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and lost sight  
were not appear  
of averting an  
to rail disease  
intended, but  
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by speaking fa  
the judge, or  
hand to the right  
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such a religion  
have I come in

And, does it  
not yet  
rightly suggest  
said of

# WHO KILLED JESUS?

— DV —

## The Commandant.

"They themselves went into the Judgment Hall that they should be defeated."

"It is not lawful for us to put any man to death."

Consider the circumstances under which these words are spoken! Jesus, the Working Man of Nazareth, Friend of publicans and sinners — He whose touch had healed the leper, and whose voice had raised the dead — He before whose presence the shadows had fled from many a Gaullean home, and the life-sorrow from many a Nazarene heart — the Opponent of every oppression, and Exposer of every hypocrisy — this Jesus, for no greater crime than asserting Himself to be want combinations of worldly wisdom and spiteful hate could not dispense, has been handed over by a hand of blood-thirsty officials and driven Jew as He is to the pulice of the Gentile!

But at the threshold of that palace there is a pause in the tragedy. Scribes and Pharisees, who had magnificently ignored every rule of justice by their moonlight plotings of murder, who coveted every blood of their innocent Victim, while they flagrantly outraged His every right as a citizen; stand at the entrance to Pilate's abode, recollecting the thought of breaking one little rule of Jewish formula!

Surely if ever there was an example of the force of a dead form here it is one!

Now, these accusers of Jesus were of unclean men. They were scribes and leaders in the Jewish synagogue. They were well acquainted with the rites and ceremonies of the Mosiac dispensation, the under-standing of the law of Sinai; but they had not grasped the law of grace, and under this own law it was no wicked to tell a lie or practice an injustice upon a fellow countryman, as it was to eat with unclean hands, or ignore the national feasts and fasts, and yet, true to the old fatality that had brought down the wrath of God upon their forefathers, and has since their day brought retribution upon so many Christian communities, they clung to the form, when the spirit of it had departed—they practised with pharisaical precision the ceremony, and lost sight of its meaning. They were not, apparently, at all inclined of avowing any number of falsehoods to rid themselves of this implacable intruder, but to think of swearing them in the Judgment Hall of a Gentile, that was horrible!

Why not to take part in the judgment that is nigh? They could not unconsciously the sacred fest with lies that uttered falsehood, and join in a religious ceremony, although their consciences were stung in conscience, but so have broken through one rule of Jewish etiquette, by speaking face to face with a terrible judge, to have recognized first-hand the right of a heathen tribunal by soiling their feet upon the pavement of its court-house, that was the sin unpardonable, and of which they might need to have fear. What a crying hypocrisy! What a stuck must such a religion of idle, hollowness have become in the nostrils of Jehovah!

And, since the age of unrighteousness is not yet past! To-day there are right and wrong, without life, and void of practical meaning, gone

through with unerring exactness by thousands who are verily as guilty of insult to Christ as any of the multitude in the streets of Jerusalem. They cling, with bigoted narrowness, to the dead form of Christianity, while they are every day putting Christ to an open shame by the inconsistency of their lives. This accuser can be not one bit behind the first contumacious scoundrel of the Serbs and Thracians. We have plenty of them to-day. There are any number of men who know perfectly well that the claims of Jesus Christ upon their talents and treasures never influence them in any one of the decisions they arrive at from Monday morning till Saturday night, and yet who will devoutly repeat, after their priest, "the Litany," in part of the duty of a civilized life. There are plenty to call you a blasphemer should you attempt to argue away one of the performances peculiar to their mode of worship, who will, nevertheless, return from that worship to the hard facts of life, and forget that religious performances should have any real interpretation. Their attitude would not permit them to repeat even in their dying moments the infallibility of the Christian Sacraments, who strenuously enough are not inclined to retreat from the high altar when the sacramental wine is set on their lips, and practised behind the grocer's counter, in the store, or on the exchange, all sorts of petty fraud!

What shameless unrighteousness! Be done with attempting to religiose evil. You cannot do it. After all your ceremonializing, prayer-repeating, and formula-keeping, it will remain evil still. You may shut it from the eyes of man by clothing it with a lie, but you will only in the eyes of God be adding hypocrisy to transgression.

You would be the first to cry "Murder" at the criminal whose hands bore the gory blood marks of his victim. You would make haste as a witness to give evidence against the man whose pockets had been found his neighbour's banknotes. But what? If there should be other laws applying the world of man, or your neighbour's? In how wide the world of murder? Suppose there should be a tribunal before which the judgment is not, "What have I done?" but, "Why have I done it?" Should there be a Judge whose eyes look behind the blood-spots upon the hands of those who hung Christ upon the cross, back into the intention that prompted His murderers, and sentence them and all beside them for that? How then? Would your life stand the seal of disrepute before the eye of Him who trieth the hearts of men, who judgeth not by deed but by motive? Could you look upon the cross and sing about the cross, and perform about the cross then as you do now? Think!

When Jesus stood before him alone, Pilate was not long in discovering the shallowness of the charges brought against Him. The sense of equity rose to its full bearing, even in the mind of the heathen controller. As a lover of fair play, if not an adulterer



"And driven, Jew as He is, to the palace of the Gentile."

## MURDERED HIS MOTHER!

(See frontispiece.)

NEWSPAPER readers will already be aware of the peculiarly awful crime which lately occurred in London, England, where a boy drove a knife to his mother's heart while she lay sleeping, and till he was arrested, ten days afterwards, spent the time in pleasure-riding. The matricide, who is thirteen years old, has a brother of eleven years, who knows of the crime, and who has since the arrest given evidence against his brother.

We do not wish to dwell on the details, but to call attention to the following remark in the Toronto Globe's report of the occurrence: "The minds of the boys seem to have been upset by reading NOVELS, WHICH MAKE HEROES OF CUT-THROATS, ROBBERS, AND THE LIKE."

in the book of the Revelation made to the Apostle John are the words: "And I saw a star fall from heaven unto the earth: and to him was given the key of the bottomless pit: and he opened the bottomless pit: and there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace: and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit. And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth; and to them was given power, as the scorpions of the earth have power."

Now, whatever may be the primary interpretation of the above, it requires no stretch of the imagination to apply it to the pernicious literature of the day, for there is an enormous quantity of vile stuff rolled off the press of the presses of the world which is as surely from the pit as the devil himself. It rises up in the smoke of great force, it darkens the sky of a boy's life, it pollutes the nostrils of his imagination with noxious fumes, which poison the whole moral character, it leaves a scorpion-like sting in the soul which works death, and even should the victim escape the toils of the fallen "star" and get saved by grace, there is left a scar to cause many a twinge of pain in days to come.

The devil has no more capable ally than vitiated press, and those who are responsible for the upbringing of our boys and girls should make sure that no book of any evil tendency shall make its mark on the mind or character of any child for whom they are responsible.

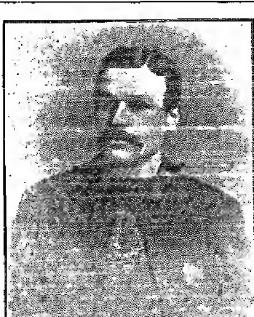
TO SALVATIONISTS, and, indeed, many others, the General's book on the training of children will give the views of one who has been admittedly highly successful in the training of a family. The General says, on page 201 of his valuable work: "AFTER THE BIBLE, SYSTEMATICALLY READ, WE RECOMMEND THE ARMY'S PUBLICATIONS, AND SUCH OTHER BOOKS AS ARE CALCULATED TO EDIFY AND INSTRUCT THEM IN ALL THAT CONCERN'S A GODLY LIFE." To these may be added books of history, biography, natural history, travel in foreign lands, and others of a good, sound, moral character."

### Morally Diseased.

MAN NORDAU, a learned and laborious German thinker, published recently a book entitled, "Degeneracy," which has attracted general attention both here and in the Old World. He declares that as a result of the study of the literary works of Oscar Wilde, and the rest belonging to the schools of which they are the leaders, he is convinced that they are all morally diseased, and that their mortal works are the outcome of their degeneracy.

THE MONTREAL WITNESS, in referring to the above, says that the method of living which made Oscar Wilde a criminal is a product of the way of thinking which obtains among those referred to in the preceding paragraph.

Captain Myers reports five souls saved at Lippincott on Sunday.



SERGEANT CUMMINGS, Montreal.  
Converted in Springdale barracks, St. John's, Newfoundland, 1886.

He well remembers the first meeting led by CANDIDATE JEWELL and his powerful intercession for souls. Still more the Sergeant remembers the sweet peace that came rushing into his heart when he gave up his sin to serve God. He little thought when he shook hands with Staff-Captain Jewell on his visit to Montreal, it was the last time.

Never mind. Better by and bye.

## THE WAR CRY.

BROTHER LAMB,  
Of Stratford.

**He was the Black Sheep till he  
Looked for the Dray-Wagon.**

JESUS OF NAZARETH was a carpenter's son. Thoughtfully we watched Comrade Lamb in his busy workshop. It was littered with chips and bark, carpeted with soft sawdust, and permeated with the peculiar fragrance of new wood, penetrating one's nostrils like rising incense. Did our blessed Saviour, in the time of His sojourn in our work-a-day world, toll in that fashion? Did He handle the chisel, the hammer, and say in such an atmosphere as this? It did not seem far from Stratford to that little home in Palestine.

TIMBER rough-hewn from the forest was here, portions of trees, gnarled and knotty. They had braved the storms long years, they had stood forgotten seasons with their quiet stems and lovely, waving branches beneath the clinging skies, magnificent in strength through all the uprush of many a tempest. Now here they lay, their prostrate forms stretched upon the ground, surrounded with debris, simply

**Logs, to be Sawn Asunder**

for the comfort of mankind.

Our comrade clapped and chopped with his skilled and active hands, fashioning the blocks of timber into the required form. A row of wooden pumps stood finished and ready for sale against the wall, painted dark brown and trimmed off with a few bits of white ornamentation. Thinner because it does not taste the water, brown, because that is a color that stands the sun, and white, because some farmers especially near the city wouldn't have a pump unless it was "fixed up good."



BRO. AND SIR. LAMB, Stratford.

Whilst he hewed to the line—regardless of the falling chips—he described his days of wandering, without God and without home, amongst the woods and rocks of Muskoka, in the furthest district, in the days when pine was abundant.

Brother Lamb is Canadian born, and knows Toronto well.

"My people were all converted, but

**I was the Black Sheep**

of the family. They used to write to me and say they believed I would yet be converted," he said.

But getting saved in the Salvation Army—that was quite a different matter!

"My soul was set free whilst I was standing in the street

**Looking for a Dray-Wagon,**"

he continued. Just previously he had been to the Army penitent-form, but for some cause could not get the witness of his sins forgiven, and it was under the open heavens, alone, he recited his penitence made with God—the past blotted out.

In the ranks he has lived and fought resolutely ever since. In his heart also he was married. In his heart are all the elements of happiness for all eternity.



The idea of this column in the War is to bring before its readers addresses on living topics. They will be written as if they were being spoken, and not as mere articles. Letters, verbatim reports of addresses will be given, but nothing will be admitted but platform talk. Contributions from officers and regular correspondents of the War Crier specially acceptable.—Editor

**Candidates Wanted!****APPLY AT ONCE WITHOUT DELAY—  
DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.**

An Address by Mrs. Major Friedrich  
to Those at Ease in Zion.

us, and takes greater interest than we do in the saving of souls.

How well I remember when the dear Lord was calling me to "leave all" and follow Him. I hesitated for some time, just like many are doing to-day. Lose no time, but come and surrender yourselves to the will of God and launch out on His promises, for "His grace will be sufficient for you" for "His strength is made

**Perfect in Weakness."**

Hallelujah! How wrong it is for us to try to have our own choice, or to make ourselves believe this or that is right, when God shows so plainly the straight and narrow way that leads to life eternal.

A. A. A.

Look at the POOR SOULS day after day who go to the gambling saloons, dance halls, and such places for amusement, and drink, and drink to drown their miseries. What anguish and torment await them beyond, and you are standing back, not hearing the Master's call to go and warn them of the terrible danger.

Oh, my dear readers who are halting, are you really in earnest about precious souls? Do you ever think for one moment now

Millions now in hell are crying,  
"All is lost!"

Amid eternal flames they're lying,  
"All is lost!"

And you are not doing your share to rescue them or to warn them to flee from the wrath to come.

But you ever stop for a while and think what hell was really like, with its never ceasing torments.

**The Agonizing Shrieks**

of the poor souls who are in the dreadful pit which burns throughout the countless ages of eternity?

"They wring their hands and tear their hair;  
All is lost!"

Their souls are filled with dark despair.  
All is lost!"

All is lost!  
Like smoke their endless torment rises.

They feel the worm that never dies.  
While unwilling are their cries,  
All is lost!"

When I say unto the wicked, thou shalt surely die; and then givest him not warning, that he may turn from his wicked way to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but—**HIS BLOOD WILL I REQUIRE—AT THINE HAND.**"

A FIVE-MILE TRUDGE is no joke with a small Headquarters in one's valise, and one or two musical instruments. Had a rattling speechie upon arrival, ditto at Kingsville the following night, despite the rain.

WINDSOR. Here for week-end in the SALVATION TENT. Down comes the rain in drenching earnest. Saturday night and Sunday afternoon alike threatened again Sunday night. The elements play deadly havoc with congregations. One drunk volunteer, nevertheless, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Gifford came over the line and gave us a helping hand.

COMRADES, WORK, PRAY, BELIEVE for and claim a revival. Lieutenant is promoted to Captain, and Captains Harper, Blakeway and Peleg

Up the Ladder One Rung.  
Captains Comstock and Stubbs, and

wife, go on lengthy furloughs. God bless these comrades.

THE DESPERADOES closed a blessed campaign at Woodstock, and are in for a better at Stratford. Soon, their cry.

CLEAR THE DECKS, gather your wits together, fly your flags, organize your forces, set to work, stir creation. Be determined to conquer, and Bang the Bull's-Eye to pieces. We are to come out on top this time. The W. P. is the Joe and we are its match. Now for a stunning victory!



MISS GARNETT, our L. B. Agent for the pretty Little town of Eltonburg. Last quarter she got \$1,07 in 36 boxes, which are well circulated in the above town. God speed Miss Garnett!



"The school of common task-work is the best place in the world to grow into spiritual culture."

—oxo—

"Love is no love at all which shrinks from making itself 'comfortable' in its ardor at the right time—and Paul seems to find no 'out of season' in the matter of love for souls."

—oxo—

"No boy-game is man's life, let a battle and a march, a warfare with principalities and powers... It is a stern pilgrimage, through burning sandy solitudes, through regions of tick-ribbed ice."

—oxo—

"Servants, as they must do their Master's work, so they must do that work which their Master appoints them; they must be for any work their Master hath for them to do; they must not pick and choose."

—oxo—

"We want in this age, above all, His God's holy fire, burning in the hearts of men, stirring their souls, thrilling in their tongues, glowing in their countenances, vibrating in their actions, expanding their intellectual powers."



"I'm going to chuck in the party. The Salvations are going to have a Harvest Festival, or something like that, and I'm going to swear off and help 'em."



### Spying Out the Land.

BY BRIGADIER CLIBBORN.

**GREAT ENTHUSIASM** at the Transportation on Monday noon, the occasion being the departure of the Over-Sea Colony Commission for the far west. Shortly after noon the Commandant arrived, with Col. Stitt, Brigadier Clibborn, and Mr. Lawford. Time is short; a little hurrying, scurrying here and there, the arrival every few minutes of detachments of Headquarters officers, the farewell

### Prayer-Meeting on the Platform,

in which the Commandant called for guidance and blessing upon those who are going and those who remain behind, then, under the thunder of salvation volleys, led by Col. Holland, the train moved out, and the party embarked upon the important commission, freighted with such boundless results, we trust, for the future.



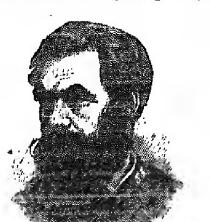
The O.S.C. party, with a group of French women and children. Taken at the Verner Settlement, Algoma.

Here and there along the road a few interesting incidents occurred, demonstrating the interest felt by the Canadian forces in the proposed survey. Hero and their officers and soldiers, who were on the look-out for the train, would come aboard with boxes of provisions and something to drink.

At North Bay the horses in command turned out, accompanied by the converts,

### With Tea-Pot well Charged.

... above all, in the their tents, glowing in their Intellect,



Col. STITT, O.S.C. Investigator.

each member was well loaded with luggage. A conglomeration of canteens, banjo, guitar, valises, boxes, all were hurled out of the car on to the platform, life being induced to the scene by one member of the commission endeavoring to find out whether the platform or

**The Broad of His Back**

was the harder. After a fair trial, in which he narrowly escaped getting under the ears, he gave the decided opinion that the platform was the harder of the two.

A few minutes in the dark landed us at the Settlement hotel, where a Salvation Army dinner soon claimed the Commandant and his private secretary for the night, who hurried off, to the vexation of the proprietor of the Grand Central hotel. The other three members of the Commission were shown upstairs, and after a careful examination of sheets, pillows, which looked suspicious, they decided as it was late, and they were very tired, that it was best not to

Picking Data from the Settlers regarding their past and present experiences, as well as sounding their faith for the future.

It was a pretty sight at a little encampment in the woods, with three log huts as a background, to see a group of French Canadian women and children drawn up around our wagon so as to be included in the photograph which was being taken of the scene. Everybody held their breath, and looked steadily for several seconds, while our photographer, in the person of Capt. Frank Morris, assumed a scientific attitude. When, however, everybody thought the photograph was taken, and were beginning to move off, the sensitive man discovered he had forgotten to draw the slide, so after a little merriment at his expense, the ranks were formed



BRIGADIER CLIBBORN.



Taking dinner at the Government Agent's tent, Verner Settlement, Algoma.

again, and this time he pronounced the attempt successful, as may be seen by the brilliant result in a later cry.

We partook of our noon-day meal in a tent of the Government Agent of the district, somewhere out in the woods.

Jolt, jolt, jolt, went the wagon over the newly-made roads through the clearings. Each jolt was

### Occupied by Cross-Questioning

the settlers as to their experiences in hunting in the new district.

One well-to-do colonial entertained the party for supper a little time, after which the Commandant led a prayer and testimony meeting in the parlor, and on returning to the village we entertained the settlers by a Salvation Army concert, given by Mr. Wilson's house, and by midnight we were again on the cars steaming westward.

## Adjutant Magee TELLS OF A YEAR'S VICTORIES.

### Two Hundred Penitents—His Credo.

ADJUTANT MAGEE visits over forty corps every three months, overseeing thirty G. B. M. agents, inspecting their books, instructing and encouraging them; also keeping a correspondence with the D. O.'s and F. G.'s. He visits business people to enlist auxiliaries and S. L. members, etc., etc. Also conducting about eight open-air and nine or ten inside meetings weekly.

"During the past year," he says, "we have seen two hundred souls at the penitent-form for salvation and holiness in Light Brigade meetings." In four week-ends at Kingston, eighty-six have knelt at the mercy-seat.

Among a level-headed business people he finds the greatest respect for the Army and its leaders.

Many changes have been on the board. Mrs. BOOTH by her example and cheer has been a source of constant inspiration. MAJOR HEAD has been like a father, and Adjutant Southall has helped. Looking back over the year, Adjutant Magee feels like getting down in the dust in praise to God and confession of weakness. He adds:

"I am happy, contented, satisfied, going ahead. Praise God, I love THE COMMANDANT. I believe in him from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. He has not always found me an angel. I love him because he has the courage of his convictions, and is not afraid to say and do what he knows is right. I see those scissors coming."

MICHTON.—Special meetings at Michton led by Adj't Magee, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Sunday afternoon an enrolment of recruits. Sunday night, memorial service of Sister Munroe. At the close ONE previous soul. Monday being the first of July, there were great crowds in town. Four times during the day the Salvationists turned out for open air, which upper'd his majesty a considerable lot, and a number of his followers were truly wounded. Since then we have seen TWO MORE desert his ranks.—H. Walker, Capt.



The party at Verner Settlement, in the conveyance they surveyed the French roads from.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

## THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and recovery of the saved, and to the propagation of the salvation war in all places.  
Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

## THE GENERAL.

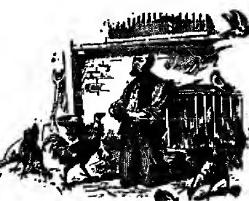
At the time of writing, the General is just starting on his long tour to three continents. He avails himself of every present-day facility for travel, thus making the world his parish in a far more literal sense than was ever possible before. A "vessel unto honor," he is evidently Divinely fitted in more senses than one for this arduous work. Since his herculean tour and meetings on this continent he has been peregrinating several of the countries in Europe. Once ill health compelled him to desist from public work, but he soon rallied again, and plunged into the fight with the fierce ardor and dogmatic earnestness characteristic of his Africa, Australia, and India will welcome their Divinely-sent and blessed General. God grant that he may be fully sustained throughout his campaigns, and that his visit to the continents named may stir up wide-spread and deep-working revivals of the undiluted religion of Jesus Christ.

## THE SOCIAL SCHEME.

Human nature is essentially conservative. It takes alarm, and often prejudices against a new thing simply on account of its newness. The Army's history is an illustration of this fact. When it emerged from its Christian mission cradle and exhibited to the world those distinctive characteristics which make it an Army of Salvation the world was aghast. The pulpit, the press, and the rabble, all combined to assail the Army, while the General became beyond doubt the most abominated man in the world. The Army went on with its work, which work, when known, compels uprightness, and now the General is respected and beloved universally, while the Army is recognized as Christendom's Advance Guard. The Social Scheme has likewise received much opposition, which opposition lessens in proportion to the knowledge gained of the Scheme. The Over-S sea Colony, which is the latest development of the Social Scheme, is getting a somewhat similar honor from a very few newspapers here, which take a distorted view of what the General proposes to do. We refer our people to the series of papers by the General which have recently appeared in the War Cry for a straightforward account of what it is proposed to do. As for the talk of the London gutter-journalists, we will leave them to our fellow citizens here, we have before stated that only the colonist who with equal opportunities would make a good citizen in the Old Country will ever become a member of the O.S.C. community. And we object to the term "gutter scribe." The man who is rescued from the gutter, and stands firm in his integrity, is no "gutter scribe." The majority, however, who will become colonists have as their only fault the questionable one of poverty.

## BAD BOOKS.

The story outlined in our frontispiece this week is a sad illustration of the fact recorded in our editorial column last week, viz., that the example and influences of evil men are reproduced through the impressionable characters of our boys. Parents! what will your children become? The answer rests with you. According to the seed sown in your children's hearts so will be the harvest. The boy who bathed a hurt's blood in his mother's heart's blood is said to have been influenced by evil books. Take warning. Evil is ever active. Lead the children to God's mercy-seat. Jesus will receive them now as tenderly as He did in Palestine centuries ago. Fill them with the knowledge of God and goodness, live before them in the "beauty of holiness" yourself, and there will be no room left for the judgment of the evil germs. God save and bless the children.



A. H. F. STRUGGLE.

"True it is that I love my poultry and my pigeons, but then the Captain has announced Harvest Festival, and is anxious to make it a success, and I must help her. I know what I'll do: I'll pray about it!"—A would-be donor to the H. F.

## The Army Press.

## A Specimen of What Good it Does.

For fourteen years a heartless father deserted his wife, whom he left with five children in distress and poverty. The mother bravely fought her circumstances, and had succeeded, to some extent, in conquering them, when, quite accidentally, she entered a Salvation Army hall, procured our weekly paper, and therein discovered that one branch of our work was to find out and restore lost husbands, sons, daughters, and relatives. She unb burdened her secret sorrow to the officer in charge of the corps, and in due time a full description of her husband, with a tender appeal to return home, was circulated in every quarter of the globe where our flag flies.

A War Cry containing the description found its way to a captain on the Durban Field of South Africa, where it was employed to parcel-up sandwiches for a traveller on his way to the Rand.

The singular-looking sheet excited the traveler's curiosity—newspapers from home didn't often come his way. He read it until his eye rested upon his own name. In brief, the deserter was found out. Remorse and shame gave birth to fervent desire to retrace his steps, and within forty-eight hours of his providential meeting with our printed sheet, he had found the local headquarters of the movement which the paper represented, and there-like the prodigal of old—"he came to himself." He made full acknowledgment of his wrong, and, under the direction of the officers in that distant land, he left for the Old Country, where, with his wife and family, he lives to-day in the unexampled experience of Divine grace.

The literature of the Army owes its immense power to the fact that, without enmity and visionary philosophies, it ignores all attempts to regenerate men according to principles and methods which give a second place to the active co-operation of God the Holy Ghost and the Atonement of Jesus Christ, or no place at all.—Colonel Nicol.



High-class dinner table. Gent reads daily paper. Lady gets hold of H. F. circular.

LADY (inquisitor)—"Papa, I believe the Salvation Army people are doing a good work. The Reverend Mr. Dibbleton speaks well of them. I think I'll give the gardener orders to give the Captain some produce."

GENT—"Very well, dear. Please yourself."

## Headquarter's Crumbs GROUND FINE.

HURBY back, Commandant! Shall be glad to see you once more. COLONEL HOLLAND here, there, and everywhere, kept on the rush.

MAJOR READ prepares for his tour.

STAFF-CAPT. MCKEEON and Ensign Morris to Kingston on rest.

ADJUTANT GEO. WOOD, New York, called in yesterday.

NEWS received that four English laicise officers arrived in Montreal.

MRS. ENSIGN BURDETTE (nee Sadie Turner) holds on at Lindsay.

LIEUT. TURPIN, of C. O. P. Headquarters, promoted Captain.

CAPTAIN M. CLARK, late of C. O. P. Headquarters, takes charge of Aurora.

SPLendid new press in printing office. Best up to date.

MAJOR HOWELL back from tour up north.

CAPT. BARR, Naval Brigade Advancing Army, promoted last week.

WOMEN WARRIORS' BAND in Toronto, Sunday, Aug. 4.

NAVAL BRIGADE here week later.

COL. HOLLAND led musical meeting and ice cream social at Yorkville on July 29th.

RICHMOND STREET band had four basses in its Special corps.



Time, 4:30 a.m.—"Get up, here, Lieutenant. We're going round to see the farmers to-day to get some H. F. promises. The early bird gets the worm every time, you know. Get a wiggly on, and let's get out right away."

## CAPT. PUGH'S 4th Tour.

## MORE VICTORIES — PRESENTED HER BROOCH.

EASTERN PROVINCE.—This is my fourth tour. The G. B. M. B. is going up, up. Souls are being saved, and pocketbooks are opening.

AT YARMOUTH, the initial corps, the merchants responded liberally. Rev. Mr. Barnstead, of Milton, lent us his church for a rescue meeting, in which Mrs. Pugh spoke, especially of her experience at Ottawa. One young lady was so touched that

She Removed Her Brooch

from her neck and gave it to Mrs. Pugh to sell. Secured thirteen members for the Social League.

CLARK'S HARBOR meetings in open-air, and good crowds, but fog came up and hampered us. There are a good many boxes out, and the agent, Mrs. Branen, and Sister Colquhoun, mean to do even still better.

FIREREPORT. Here I was charmed. Building packed out to the doors. Lt. Agent, Miss Blanche Perry, had collected \$8. DIBBTON.—Here Mrs. Bowles has the G. B. M. B. well in hand. See how the work Mrs. Pugh was told by one gentleman that there was a good

We had a rattling good time AT BARRIE last week-end. Several came out for a clean heart, and one for salvation. Capt. Peacock assisted.

He was saved there thirteen years ago at the Army pentitent form. He said when he got saved he felt like a man who had on forty overcoats and threw them all off.

We are having a FIELD AND STAFF CHANGE, affecting twenty-eight stations.

And WHAT ABOUT HARVEST FESTIVAL? Now, comrades, we must get ready all round. Don't be late with arrangements. We must have victory. Victory!

VICTORIA.—Adjutant Archibald led at the weekend. Lt. Anderson farewelled for Vancouver. One soul on Sunday night, making THREE for the week. New officers to arrive. A hearty, loving, Victorian welcome awaits them.—Amie Bell, R.C.

## PROVINCIAL SECRETARY NOTES

## BY MAJOR HOWELL.

We have just returned from OUR NORTHERN TOUR. Several souls professed salvation and others clean hearts.

Very good week-end at HUNTSVILLE. Our comrades there are anxious about a new barracks. We are putting the matter before the Property Board.

We have had the pleasure of enrolling the first batch of recruits at NORTH BAY and SUDBURY.

The honor of presenting colors to these new corps was also conferred upon us.

We were greeted with good crowds. Up north there is a good field for the Army among those pipingest people.

Ensign Gibbs and her aides have already won the hearts of the people, and she has Capt. Frank of North Bay.

We heard some good testimonies up north. One brother said, "Friends, I am not used to this sort of thing; it's all new. I am more used to the bar-room. I don't think these girls know what kind of a fellow I was or they would not have taken me in the Army." This is just the kind we are after, brother.

We had a good time with ENSIGN SAVAGE at BRAZEBRIDGE. Mrs. Savage has been sick but is better. The Ensign accompanied us to Huntsville, North Bay, and Sudbury.

MRS. HOWELL, accompanied by Mrs. Turner, has been on a tour around Collingwood.

THE WOMEN WARRIOR'S BAND is doing well. They have just got on their feet.

THE TENT BRIGADE is also pushing ahead well. There are some splendid returns this week from special efforts.

We are losing ENSIGNS LEE, MYLES, and MCAMMOND from this Province.

WELCOME, CAPTAINS BYRNE and HEISLER, to Toronto. We have fought together before.

Adjutant Miller, Ensign Maltby, and Mrs. Ensign Burdette, are coming into the Province.

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CHIEF SECRETARY

THE COMMANDER

beyond the border has disappeared. No one knows. The last telegram says a search is being made for him, and he is expected to be found. Over Sea Colony, British Columbia, happy in the two thousand roads, perhaps mountains, by the guiding Who will see the foot against a board? THE STAFF

Prominent among them are: Adj. Lee; Ensigns Columbia, McLean; Moore to Quebec; Maltby to Lindsay; Petrolia, Peterborough, of more roads.

THE COMMANDER

considering the Staff of several one says, "I know Not all the opportunities presented people. Ensigns mandants are the earth looking early increased now Provincial are wanted for West Ontario. Is an opening for Stettler? Consideration? Watch

THEN THE

years have made for the Unit them is a certain individual with a title, who prides going capacity rather than

MAJOR READING man service in the forces during the obtained a furlough in the Old Land 21st, and is due first week in October, arrival of a large number and the

APPARENTLY all in the "Go west, you who do things there than we age to do. Ensigns Perry, and the mandant says seen up to date Major Frederick militarily, Stettler in the salute you, fair

MRS. ENSIGN

Tain Sack, Tain turned from India has been family, country. Her is England. We pointed to Canada decided. Many supplying a

MRS. BRIGADIER

has been sick improving. Mrs. Alice has been rest and Daddie are brought. Ensigns living from his death."

FOR HOWELL.  
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Vancouver. One soul  
t, making THIRTEEN for  
officers to arrive. A  
Victorian welcome

Andie Reilly, S.C.

MIS. BRIGADIER MARGETTS, who  
has long sick for some time, is now  
improving. Mrs. Adjutant Archibald  
also has been in poor health for some  
time. Almost rest is said to be  
necessary. Major and Mrs. Morris  
have been resting. Captain Stubbs  
and Dodd are still on extended fur-  
loughs. Ensign Ritchie is again suf-  
fering from his old complaint.

Smith, the murderer, who escaped  
from Spokane jail and then entered,  
was visited several times by Captain  
Hammett and Lieut. Ziebeth, and  
fathfully pleaded with to repeat and  
give himself to God. He was hard  
and indifferent. "The wages of sin  
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## THE WAR CRY.

7

## CHIEF SECRETARY'S NOTES MRS. BOOTH TO THE FIELD HARVEST FESTIVAL REMINDERS.

## SPECIAL MESSAGE.

## HARVEST FESTIVAL, 1895.



THE COMMANDANT has at last got beyond the bounds of civilization and has disappeared—where we don't know. The last we heard of him was a telegram saying he expected to spend a week on the almost, if not altogether, trackless prairie, after which he expected to accompany our Over-Sea Colony inspection party to British Columbia. We are quite happy in the reflection that though two thousand miles from us, surrounded, perhaps, by prairie wolves or mountain bears, he is looked after by the guiding hand of Providence. Who will see that he dashes not his foot against it stones? Our prayers follow you, dear Commandant.

THE STAFF CHANGE is not over. Prominent among the new appointments are: Adjutant Taylor to Chatham; Lieutens McDonald to British Columbia; McAmmond to Montreal; Moore to Guelph; Miller to St. Jacobs; Matthy to Lindsay, and Hunter to Petrolia. Spence forbids the mention of more here. Watch the Gazette.

THE COMMANDANT is just now considering the promotion to the Staff of several field officers. Let us say, "I have not had a chance." Never in all history did greater opportunities present themselves to capable people. Every day the Commandant's eye runs to and fro thro' the earth looking for people who can carry increased responsibilities. Just now Provincial Secretaries' assistants are wanted for the Maritime and West Ontario Provinces. Then there is an opening for one or two live men as Shelter Commanders. Who will be chosen? Watch this column.

THEN THERE ARE OTHER CHANGES in the wind. Several officers have made application for transfer to the United States (a). Among them is a certain well-known individual with a high-sounding naval title, who prides himself on his sea-going capacities. It is, however, rather soon to mention names.

MAJOR READ, who has done yeoman service in various important offices during the past eleven years, has obtained a transfer to the visiting force in the Old Land. He sails on August 21st, and is due to return during the first week in October. He is at present in the country of delight over the arrival of a little daughter. Both mother and child are doing well.

APPARENTLY there is something akin in the oft-repeated advice, "Go west, young man." Evidently they do things in better style out there than we eastern folk can manage to do. Referring to the Winnipeg Shelter in his despatch, the Commandant says it is the best he has seen up to date. In a letter from Major Fieldsteel, arriving almost simultaneously, he says: "The Victoria Shelter is the finest in Canada. We salute you, fair Westerners."

MIS. ENSIGN BURDETTE (nee Captain Sulie Turner), of Blerie, who returned from India some months ago, has been finally transferred from that country. Her husband is at present in England. Whether they will be appointed to Canada or not has yet to be decided. Mrs. Burdette is at present supplying at Lindsay.

MIS. BRIGADIER MARGETTS, who has long sick for some time, is now improving. Mrs. Adjutant Archibald also has been in poor health for some time. Almost rest is said to be necessary. Major and Mrs. Morris have been resting. Captain Stubbs and Dodd are still on extended furloughs. Ensign Ritchie is again suffering from his old complaint.

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DEATH OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, AND FRIENDS.—In the Commandant's absence, I cannot refrain from sending you a few words with regard to the coming Harvest Festival.

We want it to be A MARVELLOUS SUCCESS, and to this end our faith runs mountains high. Once more we are looking to you for hearty, energetic co-operation. We must win this battle, and with your united help defeat is impossible, for "YE ARE NOT MEN AND WOMEN TO BE CONQUERED."

It is not necessary for me to seek to enlist your sympathy and assistance, for past achievements have not only shown the great things you are capable of doing when your heart is on fire, but your readiness to put both hands to the plow.

My words, therefore, are merely intended to inspire you TO SURPASS YOURSELF, and to proceed full steam ahead.

In order to make this scheme all we desire it to be, three things are indispensable:

1. EARNEST PRAYER.
2. Fervent faith.
3. Incessant work.

It has been said by Luther that prayer is half work. Upon the blessing of God depends everything.

## Let us Insure it.

Let us pray with one accord that He may direct us in the smallest detail. We shall then be enabled to do everything for His glory.

Let us have great expectancy! A wish that appropriates! Believe little and you will receive little; believe

much and you will receive much—so much that your barracks will not be able to contain it.

Lastly, let us work with all our might. Some people are very good at praying and believing, but then comes the FULL STOP. Not so with us, we are not made of mere sentiment.

## We Believe in Action.

The Chief of the Staff once asked his little daughter what hard work meant. After some thought, in her childish way she answered, "Hard work means—perpiration, Papa."

LET THIS BE FOR US A TIME OF PERSPIRATION. Let us roll up our sleeves and get at it as it was meant it.

The great object in view is worth unusual effort. Remember, there are no selfish interests mixed up with this enterprise: we only seek hereby to advance the Kingdom of God and relieve the Army from the financial pressure which necessarily must prevent swifter progress.

Our Social operations are phenomenally successful, and hat for the lack of funds, how marvellously this work might yet be developed!

March on, dear comrades, right boldly! Let no false modesty prevent us from urging everybody within our reach to bring their tithes "into the storhouse of God," inspiring everybody with

## A Passion for Giving,

thus we shall touch our zenith.

Our dear Commandant, as well as myself, is full of assurance that unparalleled triumph awaits us.

Yours in love and faith,

CORNELIE BOOTH.

## The Cross in the Press.

## "All the Word of the Lord was Published."

The Salvation Army printing press issued during 1894 fifty-one millions of newspapers, magazines, periodicals, books, tracts, and other publications. These all contained, in some form or other, simple and straightforward descriptions of the evils of sin and of the grace of God in Jesus Christ our Lord. Almost every one of them contained some definite teaching for the ungodly, for the young, and for the afflicted, and practical advice to those who are seeking Christ. A large proportion were illustrated; they were published in 24 languages, and circulated more or less in almost every part of the world.

The Army Literature is almost all sold to its readers, who pay to the various Headquarters about \$1,000,000 per annum for the same. The circulation of these papers is a means of publishing Christ to thou-

## BY THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY.

Just a word or two, my brother D. O.'s! Most decidedly you hold the reins of success. By your exertions and strenuous efforts you can make such a mark upon your own corps and your P. C. corps, that most certainly you will be the triumphant leaders. In the Central Ontario Province the Toronto District stood at the top last year, raising in all \$285.80. The Hamilton District came next at \$124.28, but I should not be surprised to see Hamilton beat Toronto this year. However, Barrie may win these laurels, eh, Euson Scar?

!!!!!!

Now, turn to the West Ontario Districts. London did the best at \$162.31. Then, think of it: the Simcoe District stood second at \$144.90, only \$17.41 less than London. Then followed the Palmerston District at \$125.65, and the Chatham District at \$122.51. Which D. O. will be the victor this year?

!!!!!!

What about the districts of the East Ontario Province? Well, Kitchener did noble work, and raised the magnificent sum of \$251.75. Ottawa took second place at \$144.90, and Peterborough third at \$208. We wonder whether of these districts will this year be the conqueror.

!!!!!!

Now, ye wise men, look toward the west! The brave and devoted efforts of the Victoria soldiers, as well as those of the other P. C. corps, lifted this district far over the style of \$925.85, of which sum the Victoria corps alone collected about half. Helena, Butte, and Spokane each ought to do well. It is a new scheme, and the untiring efforts of their brave officers and soldiers will surely be crowned with success. What say you, Major Friedrich? Don't forget that \$2,000 is your target.

!!!!!!

Now, Major Bennett, what about your districts? Last year the Winnipeg Districts raised in all \$892.26, and even the picky Little Brandon District lifted \$138.35. Are there not several more corps added? Then Winnipeg District is much enlarged since last year.

!!!!!!

Right about face to the eastern part of our fair Dominion! New Glasgow District carried off the palm last year at \$242. Hurrah! What was the St. John District doing, to allow N. G. to defeat her by nearly \$100? The Halifax District took second place, raising \$190. Now, there will evidently be a big fight this year between these three districts.

!!!!!!

Newfoundland! Last year the St. John's, or Central District, did the best, raising \$197.73. Of course the picky Northerners did next best at \$118.95, but they had better watch the Grand Bank District this year or Eason W. J. Payne will carry off the palm.

!!!!!!

Again, ye labor-loving District officers, allow me to tell you that the Comandant's expectations for your victory in Harvest Festival matters is great indeed. Your Provincial Secretary depends upon you. God is interested in all you do. One and all, "cheer up and go on."



A NOVEL ADVERTISEMENT.

## "BEAUTIFUL MUSIC"

(—!—?)

CAPTAIN DIDN'T WANT to take that worn-out harp.



It was a shabby old thing, to be sure, and wouldn't keep in tune. But she bundled it under her arm and went off.

**THE DEVIL TOLD BROTHER B.** he was "fool" for taking out that cornet, and he (the devil) said to some of the rest of us, that we looked very silly indeed standing on the corner, with

**Only an Odd Few Standing** around, and at the doors.

But, somehow or other, we enjoyed that meeting, and shouted and sang, played and prayed to our heart's content.

—ohio—

An hour or so after I entered the meeting, after visiting a sick comrade, and "the sight that cheers us most—a shower at the cross," met my mate.

A young man, the husband of **THE WEPPING PENITENT**, was excitedly shaking hands with everybody. The little wife soon rose and testified to sins forgiven.

"Did you follow from the open?" I asked her.

"Oh, yes, and I'm so glad I came. I was away down the street and heard

**Such Beautiful Music,**

and I had to follow, and oh, I'm so glad I came!"

—ohio—

In visiting this convert, the Ensign found MRS. BISTER, a beautiful girl of 19, shivering from a dreadful fever.

She was saved that afternoon, and every time we visited her she was trustful and happy, not caring to live—longing to go to Jesus.

—ohio—

I went away for a few days and returned in time for soldiers' meeting.

I was surprised to see the mother of these two converts, accompanied by a young girl, and **THE INTENDED HUSBAND** of the old daughter come in, but supposed she must be better, and began hoping for another soul.

Ensign went to the young man on soon as prayer-meeting started. Soon he was on his knees seeking mercy.

After meeting I ran to speak to the mother, and found her dear girl had gone to her sooth-saying Jesus.

"My two girls got salvation here, and I brought him; he was soul-dead, and in such trouble, I know he'd get saved if he came."



The girl at her side seemed touched a good deal, and after a few words and a promise to come to-morrow night, I left her. The next night MINE TOO knelt at Jesus' feet, and found mercy.



### Rescue Notes from "The City by the Sea."

**THE LOUD SCREECH OF A NIGHT-HAWK** sounded as he flew over the neighbouring gardens in search of any unwary chicken that might not be safely tucked beneath the mother's warm wing. Inwardly we hoped he would find none. "A hawk will be for an hiding-place," Isa. xxvii. 2. The hawk had strength to the poor a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible one is as a storm against the wall!" Isa. xxv. 4. Thank God, we are safe beneath His feathers, and are also sheltering a number of girls from

### The Social Hawks of Society.



### "THERE'S SALVATION FOR YOU, SISTER!"

We are trying to help them find refuge in Jesus.

**"NOBODY SEEMS TO JAW** here. The officers don't jaw, and the girls don't jaw," said one little girl, with a look of surprise, after a few days' sojourn with us.

"Why?" asked one of the other girls. "Were you used to people jawing before you came here?"

"I should think so!" she replied. "Everybody jawed where I came from."

### Query?

If the Captain had left her harp behind her, and Bro. B.—his cornet, and the old, cracked cymbals and clappers had remained in the barracks, would these four souls have been saved?

The music didn't satisfy the devil, that's sure, and lots of people might have laughed at our singing, but with the blessing of God it started the joy bells of Heaven over

### Four Precious Souls.

MRS. ENSIGN BRADLEY.

**BUTTE CITY.**—Glad to say our new Major's visit was a success. Six souls one week. **FOUR YEARS** the S. A. has fought in this city with blessed results; sad homes made happy, souls saved, of various nationalities, and creeds, drunkards, gamblers, saloon-keepers, and all classes of sinners at the cross. Brother Nokes now testifies of power in the blood to cleanse.

Though by birth and education all the evil tendencies are unusually developed in this child, we are hoping to see her thoroughly changed by God's grace.

—ooo—

A FEW SCENES in another girl's life:—

First, a tiny baby, two days old, left upon a doorstep one bright May morning, without covering of any kind, discovered by a kind-hearted policeman and provided with a shelter.

Second, a child led into

### Sins of Crimson Hue

at the age of nine walking London's streets at midnight when only eleven, sleeping under trees in the woods for weeks at a time.

Third, in the hospital in Canada, suffering the sure results of a life of wrong.

Lastly, a weeping girl brought to the Rescue Home. "I have come into this home a sinner, but I hope to be good when I leave," were her trembling words.

Then conviction took hold of her, her eyes were opened to see the rea-



AT WHITBY we were greeted with a drenching shower. However, the bountiful supper that Captain Sheard prepared for us made us forget that we had just left home.

It had made our crowd small. We walked to OSHAWA, where Adjutant Turner came from Toronto with his concert. The open-air was beautiful. Cards were very good. One backslider came home.

AT BOWMANVILLE an immense crowd in the open-air.

In spite of misfortunes and losses on the way we arrived at BROOKLYN by rig. Splendid meeting, with a brass band. At POIN PERCY real good time. We were reinforced by Ensign Arkett, also Sister Flewel, of Uxbridge. Here we heard of dear Major Jewer's death, which saddened us all.

At OMEMEE we thoroughly enjoyed the meetings. LINDSAY proved the best. Capt. Lindsay, on furlough, helped considerably, also Bandmaster Fred Lindsay, of the Bowery corps band, New York. The Lindsay band also joined with us. A beautiful time, especially at the picnic at Boleygeen. We are improving nicely, and hope soon to come in favorably with OUR SISTER L. OF THE W.O.P.

WEST ONTARIO LASSIES' BRASS BAND, after a successful weekend in Brantford, took train for WATERFORD. The British Legion kindly lent us their church. The rain cleared up about 8 p.m., so we held a short open-air. Good crowd, considering. Capt. Hill drove us to Simcoe for two days. At TILSONBURG, although the girls were somewhat tired after their long drive, we had a good time. People gave liberally in the open-air. Next evening the rain commenced to pour down and continued during the meeting. This, of course, prevented lots from coming. At NORWICH on Saturday night. To one testing outside world sound not unlike a band contest. There was

### A Garden Party

on the lawn adjoining the barracks, and first we would play then they, and sometimes both. Sunday afternoon it rained again and we had to seek shelter under the balcony of an hotel. Nice room in the barracks, and at the close one said, "At least the barracks was filled. One left the downward path. The elements have been somewhat against us, but we are still having victory."

BIG BASS.

GREAT FALLS, Montana.—God's spirit manifested. Our first night without officers. Sister Scott led the testimony meeting. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves singing. Our audience counted up to about twenty. There being no tambourine, Sister Scott took a straw hat, passed it round once, and to the surprise of the soldiers the hat contained \$3.75. More testimonies, then the lesson was read by the Sergeant-Major. The invitation was given, and we all sank and sang until souls knelt at the feet of Jesus. Many converts under conviction. Two gentlemen shaking hands with the Sergeant-Major pinned in his hand what change they had, amounting to \$1.42, then said good-night, this making our collection up to \$6.17, without any begging.—S.M.



Farmer Terrell, to sow.—"Well, ole gal, yer life's going to be cut short! I'll be along 'afternoon w/ th long knife. Ter'll look fine on the Harvest Festival board at the barracks."



"And when he had spoken arose a mighty famine and he began to be in want."

### CHAPTER 1

AS FAR AS PHYSICAL AMOUNT goes, those Indians are not bad, but when it comes to courage—the courage that can be laughed at by the Indians, they have none.

### In the Old Sun-

that they had to perform could become "braves," though passed through attached to a post. Then round and round, until a piece of flesh would hang from the bone. The course the men to be of endurance and if one of them thinks he will get into a pretty terror.

Once we had been moving on the open prairie further west of the mountains, hoping of finding some fresh ground to pull up some grass. If we could get it, make our beds a little more able to lie on. I was gathering some down needles when one of the Indians said he had seen a ghost in the grass. Would induce him to pull it up and wouldn't let me go so angry. I thought, "Get in the tent, he said.鬼魂 round the same lid. So we had to sleep on the ground that night, sun.

But our food was the result of my winter's experience off from the trail, none of our supplies, sugar, flour, and the snow was so deep in and reduced to KEEWKIE, or dried meat, a piece of meat, cut it and hang it up upon the tent, amidst the snow.鬼魂 it there. Nice?—yes, getting a piece of rope and shred and chewing it. I feel awfully sick at first of everything, I grew



"THE FELLOW ONLY



WHITBY we were greeted with a refreshing shower. However, the usual supper that Captain Sizard served for us made us forget that had just left home. Our crowd was small. We moved to OSHAWA, where Adjutant met from Toronto with his set. The open-air were beautiful, and the crowds very good. One back to our home.

BOWMANVILLE an immense crowd in the open-air.

spite of misfortunes and losses the way we arrived at BROOKLYN. Splendid meeting, with a full house. At PORT PERRY next I came. We were reinforced by George Arkett, also Sister Lowell, of Orange. Here we heard of dear Jewer's death, which saddened us all.

ONMEBEE we thoroughly enjoyed meetings. LINDSBY proved the best. Capt. Tamby, on fortifying considerably, also Bandmaster Lindsey, of the Bowery corps, New York. The Lindsey band united with us. A beautiful time, finally at the plate at Hockley.

We are improving steadily, and soon to compete favorably with SISTER BAND OF THE W.O.P.

EST ONTARIO LASSIES BRASS BAND, after a successful week-end in Galt, took train for WATERLOO. The Baptist people kindly used their church. The rain cleared about 8 p.m., so we held a short one. Good crowd considering. I'll drive me to Simcoe for two days. At TILSONBURG, although girls were somewhat tired after long drive, we had a good time. Girls gave literature to the open-air. The rain continued to down and continued during the day. This, of course, prevented from coming. At NORWICH on Friday night. To no listening audience would sound not unlike a hand test. There was

#### A Garden Party

The lawn adjoining the barracks, first we would play, then they, sometimes both. Sunday afternoon it rained again and we had to shelter under the balcony of an old house. Crowd in the barracks, at the close one soul. At night barracks was filled. One left the inward path. The elements have been uneventful against us, but we still having victory.

BIG BASS.

HAT FALLS, Montana.—God's manifested. Our first night our officers, Sister Sontz led the singing meeting. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves singing. Our audience counted up to about twenty.

There being no timberline, later it took a straw hat, passed it around, and to that surprise of soldiers the hat contained \$975. Testimonies, then the lesson was by the Sergeant-Major. The lesson was given, and our shuck horn was well struck at the feet. Many more under conviction.

Two gentlemen strolling him to the Sergeant-Major placed in the what change they had, amounting to \$142, then sold, good-night, making our collection up to without any begging.—K.M.



“Well, ole timer Turmit, to sow—” Well, ole timer he's going to be cut short—“he along ‘unterroun w' t' long road. Yer'll look fine on the harvest board at the barracks.”



## SCOTCH BOB, MODERN PRODIGAL,

A Serial Story.

Find when he had spent all there across a mighty famine in that land and he began to be in want."

#### CHAPTER V.

A PAIR AS PHYSICAL COURAGE AS ever those Indians have, any amount, but when it comes to moral courage—the courage that can stand to be laughed at by their companions—why, they have nothing to boast of.

#### In the Old Sun-Dance

that they had to perform before they could become "braves," they have a thong passed through their flesh and attached to a post. Then they dance round and round, until sometimes the piece of flesh will be torn off. Of course, the idea is to show their power of endurance and courage. But if one of them thinks he sees a ghost he will get into a perfect frenzy of terror.

One we had been moving our tents in the open prairie farther along, in hope of finding some fresh meat. We used to pull up some of last year's grass, if we could get it, to try and make our beds a little more comfortable to lie on. I was starting to gather some down near a swamp when one of the Indians came back and said he had seen a "cheepie" (ghost) in the grass. Then nothing would induce him to pull any more, and he wouldn't let me either. He got so angry I thought I'd better give up the idea; he said we'd have cheepies round the camp all night if I did. So we had to sleep on the hard ground that night, sure enough.

But our food was the worst part of my winter's experience. Being cut off from the trading post, we ran out of our supplies, sugar, flour, oatmeal, and the snow was so deep we were shut in and reduced to tea and KALEWIK, or dried meat. They take a piece of meat, cut it into slices and hang it up upon the rafters of the tent, under the snow, to keep it there. Now I say, it's like taking a piece of rope and calling it to shreds and chewing it. It made me feel awfully sick at first, but in spite of everything, I grew healthy and

strong. We had nothing else for some time. They have a sort of tobacco juice they make from the bark of a willow and smoke.

There was some pemmican, too, but that was

#### Mixed with Skunk Grease.

It was a long time before I could bring myself to that, but through hunger, especially due to the intense frost and cold, and my craving even for FAT, and the thought of course became so delicious that by holding my nose, not to smell it, I managed to taste the big can of skunk grease, and found it wasn't bad at all when I had overcome my scruples.



IMMOXIMI, Blackfeet Indian.



"THE FELLOW ONLY STARED."

At last, in my delight, A WARM WIND SPRANG up from the west, the snow melted, and I thought the spring had come, for I'd lost all track of time. However, the Indians warned me not to start, it was only a temporary delusion.

But I censored, pleaded, persuaded, and promised them all sorts of things if only they would take me to the white settlement, until at last one of them agreed, in spite of the counsel. So I left the Indians, and the squaws, in their tepees, and started off.

At night time we camped in a popular blind, lighted a fire of all the dried brush we could gather, spread our blankets, and slept as well as we could, for the cold grew intense. In the morning we put more fuel on, boiled our tea, and ate our pemmican.

At last we SHOW A DEEDEH.

It was so long since we had tasted fresh meat, and we were so fatigued for want of something, that whilst

#### The Marrow-Bones were Still Smoking

we ate the fat out of them. Then we cooked some of the meat. The rest the Indian buried to take home

on his return, after tying a rag, and marking one or two signs to mark the spot.

At length, with perseverance, and the aid of our tough, little Indian ponies, we came in sight of the settlements of the white people.

When I reached it, I found they were just thinking of sending out an expedition of mounted police in search of me.

The news soon spread all round the place, "SCOTCH BOB COME BACK," and they came to see me. I must have looked a wild object, too, after a winter's camp along with the Indians. My hair had grown down to my shoulders, and my clothes I had

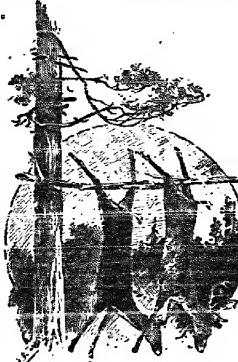
#### Patched Up with Buckskin

as best I could. I had my red flannel shirts, moosekins, and a half-baited suit, twisted round my waist, with the ends hanging, and a knife stuck in. But the worst of it was, I'd had to live without washing. I was so unused to ordinary food that the first straight meal I took with milk and sugar, and bread and butter, made me desperately sick.

I went right into Calgary in that regard, and so I first met THE SALVATION ARMY.

I must have looked a wild and wacky specimen of the west!

Well, in supposing it was some sort of amusement, I joined the girls serving the hotel tables talking about it, and that was all I knew. I hadn't been in that meeting long, though, before I changed my opinion, and was in no mind to play the fool. I



"WE SHOT THE DEER."

and at night, what with the mourning of the river and

#### The Howling of the Prairie Wolves,

the loneliness was enough to make you crazy.

I broke the prairie sod with a spade, and cleared it with my own hands, and an axe. I cut the root hole, and tar-papered my place to make it more suitable. Then I earred my fence from a quarter of mile to shut in my little bit of cleared land.

I was getting my garden in trim, when if a neighbor's horses didn't come over my land, broke down my fence, and trampled my garden to nothing. After all the toil I'd put into it!

SWEAR!—I should say so! I more than sent those horses to the bottomless pit! There was no religion about me at that moment. That was the end of my garden, and I had learned to swear terribly before that: swear if the cow did not go straight; swear, till a Methodist minister calling at my brother's overheard me, and wouldn't stay in the house no longer, but jumped in the buggy and drove off; swear, till even my brother said: "Bob, you must not a check on your tongue."

"YOU'RE not the one to talk, you traded me!" I retorted.

Those horses made me decide after this that

Ranching was Not in My Line of life. I was sick of it, and determined I would give it up, go back to town, and work for wages.

(To be continued.)

#### A Harvest Festival Talk With Farmer John.

H. F. CANVASSER raps at the door. John opens it.

Canvasser salutes.

John—"Won't you come in?"

Canvasser enters, talks about his home, etc., then launches out upon the great scheme. John asks a few questions:

"Are you a member of the S. A.?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long?"

Canvasser tells the length of time, and by permission relates a brief sketch of his life.

"Do you have this annually?"

"We do."

"What will you take?"

"Anything that will bring money upon our markets."

"I'll go out and take a walk around."

"Let us pray first."

Feeling inspired, they both go out. The wagon is loaded going home.

A. A. KELLEY.

WIRGIN, MAN.—Recruits are being added to our ranks. On Monday ONE BROTHER made up his mind to serve God. Wednesday ANOTHER came. Tuesday all day God's power was felt. In the business meeting a sister who had wandered away from God came back. At night the devil tried hard to get the victory, but prayer and faith conquered, and THREE PRECIOUS SOULS were saved. Hallelujah!—Capt. E. Hayes.



## SYSTEMATIC GIVING.

Specially Contributed to the War Cry by Major J. Read, Financial Secretary.

look 'e there, will you? young fellow—it looks like he's waited right up down at the table, without one of them white riggings on his 'ord." "I'll bet you're in it," says the little fellow that lied that game fixed him out bodily into knees."

"What, Tommy, I'd rather die into the white robe him out and out, like that Charlie the red-rigged fellow that's in the kink?"

"right, chumby."

look 'e there, will you? young fellow—it looks like he's waited right up down at the table, without one of them white riggings on his 'ord." "I'll bet you're in it," says the little fellow that lied that game fixed him out bodily into knees."

"What, Tommy, I'd rather die into the white robe him out and out, like that Charlie the red-rigged fellow that's in the kink?"

"right, chumby."

### Systematic Free-Will Giving

is, we think, the remedy.

Dealing with our own people, Salvationists, here we are on the earth, in existence, a mighty army of redeemed people, mainly made up of former slaves to sin, drink, blasphemy, lust, and kindred vices. Thousands upon thousands of hard-earned dollars have been, by our own people, passed over the saloon bar. Whole fortunes of precious gold have been blown into the air in the form of

### Tobacco Smoke.

The majority of our sisters once expended very much to the goddess Fashion. Hundreds of dollars they spent in titivating and decorating their mortal clay. The brothers, when drunkards, spent their money systematically. The sisters systematically visited the dry goods stores. Then, in the name of all that is good, why not in this, the days of our prosperity, do a little in the name of God?

### Systematic Giving Line?

We have heard a great deal about the TITHING, THE TENTH, and doubtless all those who carry out this Biblical plan receive untold benefit therefrom. Let us presume there are 10,000 S. A. soldiers scattered throughout the Dominion, half of this number representing heads of families—WAGE EARNERS. Each family head surely averages six dollars per week. Let him give God's work

### The 10 per Cent.

and the chariot rolls along all the faster to the tune of \$3,000 per week. Now, presuming there are 250 corps in the Dominion, by this plan each corps would raise \$12 weekly, and so, how the Captain would smile! Reader, look at it, read it, digest it, think it out, and act upon this... and, though old-time rule. The secret of the success of the whole affair lies in the fact that the ten per cent is systematically given, and even if the tides fall let the Lord's messenger get the ten cents on every dollar you earn. Could we print a page of the "Cry" filling it with averages of just what our soldiers DO give in their cartridges, it would really cause surprise on all hands. With all the talk about the suffering of the officers, how admirably it could all be averted if the soldiers and recruits took the mark on this line. We wonder what average each most of our soldiers used to spend in their slushy and prodigal days! It is worth meditation. Let our comrades figure it out in their own personal experience. For a direct "forward movement" on the money-giving line!

Two souls. Major Benning, God bless and prosper A. M.

ND STREET.—Adjutant

th us for Sunday. Three

nd two for pardon. Slowly,

a climb up as "we light to

M. K.

ON.—Prayer and fasting

between afternoon and eve,

and "silence about the

self all hours" prostrate before.

Beautiful night gathering.

Ensign MacLean spoke

early, and three came forth.

Louie, Priddy.



### HOLINESS.

Tune—"I am coming, Lord," B.J., No. 55, 8.

Tune, send the Holy Ghost,  
Baptise us one and all;  
Give us the Pentecostal power,  
Oh, heed Thy soldiers' call.

### Chorus.

Holy Ghost, descend,  
Fall upon us now;  
Fill and flood each waiting soul,  
As at the Cross we bow.

Without the Holy Ghost  
Our labors will be vain;  
But with its mighty, moving power  
We'll bring the Kingdom gain.

We care not how it comes,  
So long as we receive;  
We all have met with one accord,  
The promise we believe.

### CADET BILLY WARE.

Tunes—"When the pearly gates unfold," B.J., 142, or, "What a Friend we have in Jesus," B.J. 25.

I have given up all for Jesus,  
Nothing more so dear to me  
As to work for my dear Master,  
Leading souls to Calvary.

Though the road is rough and rugged,  
Strewn with many a stone and thorn;

'Tis the way my Saviour trod in,  
I will walk with Him alone.

### Chorus.

Life's morn will soon be waning,  
And its evening bells will toll;  
But my heart will know no sadness,  
When the pearly gates unfold.

Not promotion, Lord, I seek for,  
But to humbly follow Thee;  
Through the path bring pain and sorrow,

'Tis the way marked out for me.  
At the end I know you're waiting;  
I shall hear if I am true;

"Come, my child, a place awaits you,  
I am here to bring you through."

"I'm a pure delight to serve Thee,  
Leading souls to Heaven and God,  
Bringing them from Nature's darkness  
And the power of Satan's rod.

Let me shine each day more brightly,  
Walk the path that you have trod;  
Keep me ever true and faithful,  
Living only for my God.

S. S.

### JOY.

Tunes—"Now I am so happy";  
"We're marching on to war," or  
"Calvary's stream is flowing," B. J., 51.

We are Hallelujah soldiers,  
Our sins are all cleansed;  
We've all been to the cleansing stream  
Our title's clear for Heaven;  
The devil often tempts us,  
And tries to get us back,  
But, glory, hallelujah!  
We're on the heavenly track.

### Chorus.

We are marching on to war.  
Some people say we're crazy  
Because we sing and shout;  
They don't like our movements,  
Our Sunday's marching out;  
But we are in the Army,  
A blood-and-fire band.  
We try our very best to drive  
The devil from our land.

MIMIE GOULD, Catalina.

Tune—"Sweet Marle.

I am happy, glad, and free,  
Praise the Lord,

Jesus gives me liberty,

Praise the Lord,  
Oh, how wayward I have been,

And how far I went in sin,

But the Saviour took me in,

Praise the Lord,

Now I live to do His will,

Praise the Lord,

And His love my heart does fill,

Praise the Lord,

Blessed sunlight fills my soul, I am

every whit made whole,

Pressing on toward the goal, praise

the Lord.

Chorus.

Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!

Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!

Jesus saves me every day, praise the

Lord.

I am listening to His voice,

I have made His will my choice,

In His love I can rejoice,

Praise the Lord,

I shall never know defeat,

Praise the Lord,

Living at my Saviour's feet,

Praise the Lord;

Perfect love casts out all fear,

I have joy, and peace, down here,

While my cross I gladly bear,

Praise the Lord.

On my Saviour's arm I lean,

Praise the Lord,

And His blood His hands keeps me clean,

Praise the Lord,

Sinner, far from God and right, Jesus

waives to you to-night,

And He waits to put you right, praise

the Lord.

J. H. EBSARY, Newfoundland.

### INVITATION.

Tune—"Boundless love beyond degree," B.J., 29.

Sinner, Jesus calls for thee;  
Calling for the wanderer home;  
He will set your poor soul free,

Calling for the wanderer home.

### Chorus.

Boundless love beyond degree.

See Him stand, and knock, and plead,

Calling for the wanderer home;

Will you not His voice now heed,

Calling for the wanderer home?

Time is quickly passing by,

Calling for the wanderer home;

While there's time, for mercy cry,

Calling for the wanderer home.

SERGT. MAY LANG, Peterboro.

### —

Tune—"Glory, glory, Jesus saves me," B.J. 151; "Room for Jesus," B.J., 16; "For I'm going, yes, I'm going," B.J., 19.

We are Hallelujah soldiers,

Our sins are all forgiven.

We've all been to the cleansing stream

Our title's clear for Heaven;

The devil often tempts us,

And tries to get us back,

But, glory, hallelujah!

We're on the heavenly track.

Chorus.

Whoever, whoever,

Whoever will may come;

Oh, that blessed "whoever,"

That means you, and everyone.

Tho' you're sinned, our Christ can save you,

If to His dear cross you come;

He will cleanse and make you holy,

In His fold for all there's room.

Come away, let nothing hinder,

Cast away all fear and doubt;

"Whosoever comes," says Jesus,

"I'll in no wise cast him out."

ADA WOODMAN, Nanaimo, B.C.

### —

TRURO.—Some souls are being saved, open-air meetings good, collections fair, and War Cry and Young Soldiers sold out. We have a new attraction here in our open-air, in the shape of an awning four yards square, and eight feet high, just big enough to hold our soldiers and converts. A few weeks ago before our open-air started two or three soldiers carry this to the front and put it up, when the officers and rest of the soldiers marched in and take possession. It is proving quite a success. The first night we put it up we had one of the largest crowds ever seen at an open-air in Truro. We also had a good collection. Young Soldiers sold out, and ONE SISTER out for salvation.—R. H. Phinney, for Capt. E. H. Allen.

## MAIL BAG!

### A Naval Missionary.

"I take my back numbers of the War Cry and All the World to sea with me, and circulate them not only among our own crew, but also in China and Japan among British soldiers and men-of-war's men whom I happen to meet. JOHN MASON, R.M.S. Empress of India, Victoria, B.C."

—OHO—

From Victoria, B.C., regular correspondent:—

Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald are leaving us for England. Other changes are expected. —OHO—

AUXILIARY JOHN LOUSON: "I was visiting another dear fellow named Captain Philip Broder. He is evidently dying of consumption. He works when able, in the C. T. E. works, and acts as treasurer. I think, for the corps at Point St. Charles. He is a beautiful character, fully ripe for glory, hallelujah, through child-like trust in the Lamb of God."

—OHO—

CAPT. WM. CUMMINS, of Hamilton, has undertaken to exchange Cry with Captain Cox, of Australia.

—OHO—

P.S. SHARP will write an appeal for candidates, which will appear in October, when the young men return from Labrador.

Ottawa District.

Ensign and Mrs. Wiseman left Ottawa for a tour round the district. At PEMBROKE they found Captain Davis in good spirits. Being without a barracks, the open-air was on the program instead. Soldiers spoke to the point, people listened, three dollars collection.

Next day a sad accident happened. Three men working on a boom were struck by lightning, one killed instantly. Reader, are you ready for a sudden call?

The next thing was a Hindu meeting. Much kindness. Barracks soon. LENEFREW. Corps not large, but noisy fighters. Most meetings in the open-air. Once opponents have become good friends.

ABERDEEN. Town of about four thousand. Nearly one thousand men work in the mill. Fine meeting in a building last. One forever, and three wanted to be prayed for. The local editor says the Army's printing shall cost them nothing there if they come.

COATICOOK. Victories won. Ice-cream social, the proceeds of which left the corps free of debt. D. O. McHarg, also Capt. Moodie, Lieut. England, and Cadet Wilson. Cry also sold every week. Capt. Crossman.

BRIGHTON. Capt. Gibson, after fighting against great odds, has gone on a needed rest. Two souls at fair meetings, and two ailes. Capt. Williamson.

NEWCASTLE.—Captain Ryers farewelled for the West, and Capt. Lander for Campbellton. One brother on Sunday for salvation, gave a good testimony, although being a backslider. It was some time before the witness was given. Counter attractions are in town just now.—Carrie Reeves, A.L.E.

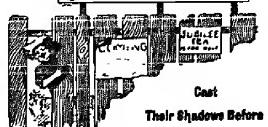
TRURO.—Some souls are being saved, open-air meetings good, collections fair, and War Cry and Young Soldiers sold out. We have a new attraction here in our open-air, in the shape of an awning four yards square, and eight feet high, just big enough to hold our soldiers and converts. A few weeks ago before our open-air started two or three soldiers carry this to the front and put it up, when the officers and rest of the soldiers marched in and take possession. It is proving quite a success. The first night we put it up we had one of the largest crowds ever seen at an open-air in Truro. We also had a good collection. Young Soldiers sold out, and ONE SISTER out for salvation.—R. H. Phinney, for Capt. E. H. Allen.

## THE LORD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER.

WILL YOU BE ONE OF HIS LOVED ONES THIS R. F.?

## THE WAR CRY.

## COMING EVENTS

Cast  
Their Shadows Before

## THE COMMANDANT

WELL VINT

HAMILTON, August 16 and 17 (Great Camp Meeting).  
CORLISS'S POINT, August 26, 27 (Great Camp Meeting).  
TORONTO, Saturday, September 14, to Thursday, October 10 (Great Anniversary Meetings).

COLONEL HOLLAND  
and Territorial Headquarters' Staff

Dinner

OSHAWA, Saturday and Sunday, August 11, 12.

## Major J. Head

Will conduct Special Meetings in the interests of the "Light Brigade" and "Lancers" at the following Toronto corps: Yorkville, August 8; Lippincott, August 14.

Look out for the stirring and novel street marches which will precede these inside meetings.

## The Knight William Booth"

W.H. has Naval Brigade, under the command of Adj't Macmillan, will visit Toronto, Aug. 9, 10, 11; Fort Hope, Aug. 12; Cobourg, Aug. 13, 14; Brighton, Aug. 15; Trenton, Aug. 16; Guelph, Aug. 17; St. Catharines, Aug. 18; Niagara Falls, Aug. 19; Galt, Aug. 20; Peterborough, Aug. 21; Bath, Aug. 22.

## Light Brigade Provincial Agents Appointments.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. PROUD—North Sydney, G. B., August 6, 9; New Glasgow, August 9, 11, 12; Stellarton, August 12; Westville, August 14, 15; Pictou, August 16.

Capt. B. BAKER—Emerson, August 11, 12, 13, 14,

GALT—Barrie—Newmarket, August 10, 11;

Aurora, August 12, 13;

GALT—SCARBOROUGH—Stratford, August 8, 9; Forest, August 6; Parkhill, August 8;

Aurora—Markham, August 8, 9, 10, 11;

Preston, August 13; Morrisburg, August 14; Point St. Charles, August 17, 18; Montreal, August 19;

Montreal, August 21; Joe Beefs, August 21; Bedford, August 24, 25.

## Engagements of Desperadoes.

W. O. P.

Watford, August 6 to 12.

## Lancaster's Brass Band, W. G. F.

Pt. Lambton, August 8, 9.



All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to Western H. Booth, Commandant S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

Ferry Agents should ACCORDANT APPLICATIONS.

1898. GEORGE, George. Born in Jersey; age about 45; height 5 ft. 6 1/2 inches; black hair; dark complexion; blacksmith by trade. Left Jersey in 1871; was in Newfoundland in 1878, and has not been heard of since. Mother still alive.

1898. MARY ANN, Anna and Fanny. About 40 or 45 years old. Their sister Elizabeth, who was left by them 47 years ago, in charge of a Mrs. Horner, at Ellington, near Liverpool, would be glad to hear from them. Supposed to have gone to America.

1898. MURKIN, George. Brought up in Scotch Hill, Pictou, N.S. Left his home for 7 years ago. Last heard about in Mexico. Mrs. Brett, Joggins, N.S., the enquirer. Australian by birth.

1898. FADDISTER, Capt. Age 7 years; about 5 feet 7 inches; dark complexion; left Halifax in June for Truro en route for Boston. Has not been heard of since. Any one knowing his whereabouts kindly write to Capt. Sharp, 100 Main Street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A. American Orps please copy.

## H.F.-H.F.

## DATES:

Sat., Sun., Mon. and Tues.,  
Aug. 31st, Sept. 1st, 2nd, 3rd.

— GET READY! —

## TRADE DEPARTMENT.

## PENTENT FORM BOOK

Containing seventy-five sheets in duplicate for entering in the convert's name and address, and other valuable information. No copy should be without one. Only 10 cents.

## Musical Salvationist!

## The July Number

In the beginning of a new volume, and a special effort is being made to make this superior to all previous. You had better get the first number. Only a few left in stock. Selling at 10cts. each.

**WAR CRY** To be used for entering in the names of WAR CRY subscribers and other friends. This book, if posted up, is the very thing an officer wants when taking hold of a new book.

FRIENDS' BOOK.

STRONG COVER. WELL BOUND. ONLY 15c. EACH.

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MAY BE HAD

At 8c. each, or three for 20c.

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**Maple Leaf Badges** - - 10c  
Do. (Silverplated) 20c  
**Beaver Badges** - - 15c

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How often a meeting is spoiled because there are no Song Books to be had. This ought not to be when you can get them from one cent up. Have a look at the following prices, and then order at once:

The Salvation Soldiers' Song Book—containing regular meetings, consisting of a collection of songs used in all meetings of the Salvation Army. Paper, \$0.10

Do. with Key, Times, better paper, \$0.15  
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Do. leather cover, superior fine, red, gilt edges, \$0.60  
Do. leather cover, best seal, red gilt edges, \$1.00

**Songs and Hymns of the Christians** H. T. B. 0.05

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CAN BE HAD

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## Good Guernseys

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Practical Religion—Contains: "Dealing with Arduous Souls," "Overcoming Temptation in Christian Life," "How to Win Friends," "Prayer," etc. Cloth boards 60c.

Progressive Christianity—Contains: "How Christ Transcends the Law," "Filled with the Spirit," "The World's Work," "Repentance," etc. Paper 40c.

Geddes—Contains: "Saving Faith," "Charity," "Conditions of Ecclesiastical Prayer," "The Perfect Heart," "Repentance," etc. Paper 40c.

Life and Death—Being reports of addresses delivered in London. Contains: "The New Birth," "Merry and Judgment," "Halving Between Two Opinions," "The Good and the Evil," "The Good and Evil," "The Practical Soul," etc. "Halving for the Unconverted." Paper 50c.

The Salvation Army in Relation to the Church and State. With an Appendix containing the so-called Secret Book. Paper 50c.

Death Bands—Each

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The Deliverer	0.50
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Capt. Bennett, Woodstock, N. B.

Capt. John, Woodstock, N. B.

Capt. Major, Woodstock, N. B.

Lieut. John, Woodstock, N. B.

Bro. E. W. Smith, N. B.

Miss Mary King, Kingston.

Lieut. John, Kingston.

Capt. Root, Belgrave.

Capt. Miller, Waterloo, P.Q.

Capt. White, Victoria, B.C.

Capt. McLean, Victoria, B.C.

Capt. Major, Victoria, B.C.

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Capt. McLean,